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These are only a few of their kind. "Hell's prince, sly parent of revolt and lies," is one of many names applied to him. "Fear made the Devils, and weak hope the gods," and "The Devil tempts all, but the idle tempt the Devil," are among the statements laid down in these wise saws. One tells us, "Resist the Devil and he will flee from you;" and another, "He that takes the Devil into his boat must carry him over the sound." It is unpleasant to reflect that "Hell is wherever heaven is not," but the proverb says it is, and of course it must be so. A verse by an old English writer tells us

The Devil
Is civil
And mighty polite,
For he knows
That it pays,
And he judges men right;
So beware
And take care
Or your hair he will singe;
And moil you,
And soil you,
And cause you to twinge.

Better poetry, though no better sense, is the following by Hone:

Good people all, who deal with the Devil,
Be warned now by what I say!
His *credit's* long and his tongue is civil,
But you'll have the Devil to pay.

"The Devil, Satan, démons, hell, hell torments, magic, witchcraft, sorcery, divination, superstitions, angels, ghosts, etc.," form the subject matter of this diabolical catalogue.

The literature of the Devil includes probably some of the most curious book titles ever put in print. Imagine a drama called "Harrowing of Hell." Yet it is a miracle play, written in the reign of Edward II. It is a piece regularly constructed, with a sort of prologue and epilogue. After the prologue Christ enters and states his sufferings and design in descending into hell. Satan hears him and inquires who it is, lest he should "*fonden how we pleyen here.*" The Saviour declares himself, and Satan argues with him on the injustice of depriving him of what he had acquired, and so they go on, Christianity of course triumphing in the end.

Other mystery plays are "The Descent into Hell," "The Divil Madde to Daunce," and "The Devil's Wife; or, Sin Wedded to Sin." A very curious work is "Letters from Hell," supposed to describe the suffering of a wicked victim in the red-hot Presbyterian inferno.

A satire, published in 1580, is George Gascoigne's "The Wyll of the Deuill, with his Detestable Commandementes, directed to his Obedient and Accursed Children." The most interesting part of this is its minute description of the vices of the time. If Gascoigne is a reliable witness, the Devil's children of his day must have been first-class devils themselves.

"The Diabe Lady; or, a Match in Hell," is a poem, "dedicated to the worst woman in Her Majesty's Dominions." Another poem is "The Tavern Hunter; or, a Drunken Ramble from the Crown (a tavern) to the Devil (another)." This latter effusion bears as a motto the following verse:

Not Vertue, or Wit, but more prevalent wine,
Does mankind in friendly Societies join:
We chuse not our friends now by honest behaviour,
Or love 'em because they are Wiser or Braver.

Other works of a mirthful character are "A Sure Guide to Hell," by Beelzebub; "The Praise of Hell—or a View of the Infernal Regions; its antiquity, situation and stability, manners, customs, etc.;" "The Devil in America; a dramatic Satire;" "The Devil's Mushrooms," which a Pope is alleged to have eaten; "A Pleasant Historie; How a Devil (named Rush) came to a Religious House to Seeke a Service"—which is described as "being full of pleasant mirth and delight for the people," and an appendix to the "Sure Guide to Hell," "being a vindication of the common practice of cursing and swearing, by Belial." "The Devil's Memorandum Book" was published in London in 1832. It had eighty illustrations, mostly caricature portraits of public characters. In 1831 was published "The Devil's Walk," a poem by S. T. Coleridge and Robert Southey, the first verse in which reads:

From his brimstone bed at break of day,
A-walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his snug little farm on earth,
And see how his stock goes on.

This, by the way, was the work illustrated by Landseer.

STYLE IN ART

I am in receipt from a subscriber of the following query:

I notice that in all the art criticisms I read in the papers and magazines, the writers have a great deal to say about style. Every Tom, Dick and Harry, who paints a landscape or a seascape or an "impression" of a dead fish and a brass kettle, is credited with having a "distinctive style" or something of the sort. Now what I would be gratified to know, is, what the style in art really is? What was the style of Corot, for instance, and what is the style of—well, not to be invidious, any of the landscape painters who have succeeded him, either in France or anywhere else? It seems to me this question would be worth a paragraph or two in your paper which would be of interest and value to all sincere collectors, students and lovers of art.

* * *

There are some terms in the written criticism of art which have become so obscured by persistent and ignorant misinterpretation and misuse that it is no wonder they puzzle even the most intelligent layman. The difficulty is that your average critic cannot distinguish between style and mannerism—which is really the difference between original inspiration and imitative education. To take a familiar illustration: two men, of the same stature and general gentility of appearance, have dress suits made out of the same material, in the same pattern, by the same tailor. They get their shirts of the same shirtmaker, their boots of the same bootmaker, and yet one of them impresses you with his elegance while the other doesn't. It is not the clothes which we must credit or blame, but the men who wear them, and the one who wears them best is he who does so as if he had been born in them and had not donned them for the occasion. To pursue this simile into art, I can only say that style is the full dress of art. It is the unconscious creation of the artist, it is his way of doing things, not as any man may learn to do them, but as a man does them under personal confidence in himself. He doesn't think about the way he is painting, but paints according to his feeling for his work, and in proportion as his feeling goes his work has a style of its own which is distinctive.

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To speak of Corot, for instance, is to speak of grand style in painting; and yet no one was less of a pedant, less of a mere mechanician, or more in sympathy with his subjects. Few men in any art have comprehended so clearly what they wanted to do, and have done it with so little sign of labor, fuss and pretension. His serene and well-balanced mind, his fine judgment, his exquisite perception, and his delicate sense of symmetry of form and color are supreme. To them he owed the ability to render the most simple subject dignified. Through them he elevated the familiar landscape of France—of the very suburbs of Paris in fact—into the realm of the ideal; converting the cheap Arcadia of the bourgeois-Sunday-picnicker into the Arcadia where Pan piped and nymphs and dryades danced on the turf enameled with flowers.

* * *

The style is the man—that is to say, the manner of an artist's work, is the reflection of his manner of thought. An artist, like any other man, just gets a vague sentiment from looking at a scene. When he would represent it on canvas his imagination conjures up an image which is original and convincing according to his natural sensitiveness of soul. According to the man's nature, form, color, tone, etc., enter into this conception in varying proportions of importance. Taste, technical skill and special feeling for his special subject, then enable him to carry out his design in keeping with the sentiment of his original impression. He makes the pattern of his picture to suit the scene, and just so far as imagination, treatment and technique co-operate, his work rises in the standard of art to its proper position of greatness. All the technical training in the world, by itself, cannot produce style in art. It can only produce mannerism; a set way of doing things mechanically, and without feeling one's work. On the other hand, a deficient technician may become a great stylist, if his art has a heart and soul above the level of his palette.

* * *

The great charm of Corot's style is its perfect simplicity. He had no need to explain his art with long words and vague pretensions to symbolism, to profundity, to divine missions and to superior morality. His work explained itself, being at once so satisfactorily suggestive of being finished, and yet so free from troubled and embarrassed detail. His canvases seem empty only to those who call nothing a fact that is not enclosed in a hard outline and loaded with minute facts; who turn a deaf ear to suggestions of atmosphere and the vastness of space. The magic of landscape

art lies in modelling or the science of giving the illusion of depth on a flat surface. Every inch of a Corot is full of subtle gradations of air and effect. These are facts, and more important facts than can be got from the dots and lines of the niggling school. Corot ever sought a larger and wider view of nature. From sparkles and speckles he passed to the great moods of the weather, from grasses and reeds to big and aerial plains, from twigs and leaves to vaporous and rustling trees, and from spots of local color to the general envelope of atmospheric tone. Before him no one suggested with so much art a multiplicity of detail subordinated to a mass. A painter may niggle and niggle, but he will never make the thousands of leaves on a tree or the myriads of wrinkles on the face of the sea, rustle and wrinkle on canvas. Through a lack of feeling

for style, or sense of measure, he is trying for the impossible clumsily and mechanically, instead of aiming at the possible with ease and elegance. Inevitably his art speaks of pettiness, of failure, and of inadequacy more distinctly than of anything else. These judicious and parsimonious touches of Corot's make an artist despair. They are so beautiful in themselves, and they so aptly sum up and explain his masses. They are always in the right place and never one too many. Floated on a vaporous haze of paint they stimulate the imagination till it perceives the whole underlying mass instinct with suggestions of similar forms and details. His style is used with intention; it befits, it explains, it enhances his poetical view of nature. It is like a tune, beautiful in itself, and used to good dramatic purpose in an opera.

MR. SMALLEY ON BOOKS AND BOOK-LOVERS

II

PURSUING his study of the Beraldi Catalogue, Mr. G. W. Smalley supplements his letter to *The Tribune*, already quoted by me, in substance, with another of no less interest. This time he devotes his attention to prices, and he says:

The "Contes de la Fontaine, édition des Fermiers Généraux, 1762, 2 vol. in 8, figures d'Eisen, fleurons de Choffard," is not a rare book; it is not even scarce. Good copies of it are scarce; very fine copies are rare. M. Beraldi's is what the French bibliophile calls a "precieux exemplaire." Many things, or any one of many things, may make a copy "precious." This is valuable from its binding and from its "provenance": a word for which the competent French scholar (but he must have a knowledge of bibliography) is invited to supply a good English rendering. The binding is Derome's—one of the Deromes—in red morocco with a broad "dentelle"—again a word that wants an English equivalent—on the sides known as "dentelle à la Pompadour"; with the arms of Madame de Pompadour, in this case genuine, preservation perfect. The book has the book-plate of Charles Nodier. Nobody knows how much Nodier paid for it, but at his sale, in 1844, it fetched rather less than \$59—240 francs. Then it disappears; reappears in the possession of Fontaine, the bookseller of the Passage des Panoramas, who, in his time, did more than anybody to enhance the price of books; now dead. M. Beraldi does not seem to know where Fontaine bought it, nor what he gave. But the story of the sale to its next owner must be told in full:

"It was about five o'clock one afternoon, the hour at which, as their daily habit was, the 'bibliophiles' of 1875—Lacarelle, Bauchart, J. de Rothschild, Pillet, etc., were talking things over together on the first floor of Fontaine's bookshop. A good luck would have it, Lacarelle wanted to speak to Fontaine privately. He started to go down to the ground floor, and met the bookseller half way, going up to show the company a book he had just bought. Lacarelle caught sight of the precious volumes, seized on them, examined them, saw their value at the first glance. 'How much?' 'Six thousand francs.' 'Agreed!' And he put them in his pocket, seizing them on the wing, under the very noses of his fellow bibliophiles. That is the good way to do business: accurately, once for all, and without hesitation."

Lacarelle's library was in due time sold, and this copy of the Contes, celebrated all over Europe and even in America, came to the hammer with the rest. M. Beraldi and M. Morgand, taking counsel together, agreed that it would fetch 8,000 francs, and M. Morgand was commissioned to bid that amount. But there was a long delay between the announcement of the sale and the sale itself. The world of amateurs grew excited; orders came from abroad—from America, even, where just then the collector had begun to bethink himself of French books. The daily gossip in the Passage des Panoramas, where Morgand had long since bought out Caen and superseded Fontaine, grew fast and furious. M. Beraldi enlarged his commission from 8,000 francs to 10,000; then to 12,000; then to 14,000; then to 16,000. Upon this one book were the eyes of the whole book-loving world fixed; for this everything else is forgotten; for this no sacrifice is too great. The day of the sale came at last; and at the last moment M. Beraldi dispatches a final order to M. Morgand: "Go to 20,000 francs." He was just in time. The two volumes sold for 17,500 francs. "It seems I got them for nothing," remarks he; "and came within measurable distance of not getting them at all. For, at the last moment M. Morgand received from another client an unlimited order to buy the Contes. Morgand was cruelly perplexed. He settled the matter in his usual clear and straightforward way; it was my commission he had first accepted; it was mine he would execute. The book was delivered to me, to my great joy, and to the despair of the client in question."

The price of this book had advanced from 240 francs in 1844 to 17,500 francs not much more than forty years afterward.

Not less dramatic, though in a different way, is the story of the volume most celebrated of all among bibliophiles, says M. Beraldi, a manuscript of the "Contes de la Fontaine" in a binding by Derome, and containing fifty-seven original designs of Fragonard. If you wish to read the full history of it you must go to the six or seven pages of close print in which M. Beraldi narrates it, in his own quite inimitable and always lively manner. I can but abridge; or cut it to the bone, is that phrase of Hayward's which the journalist cannot keep too constantly before him. The beginning of it must be sought in the "Bibliothèque d'un Bibliophile," that catalogue of the most famous collection of M. Eugene Paillet, also drawn up by M. Beraldi, in 1885; a volume less splendid but not less interesting than the present. The designs of Fragonard, known the world over, were executed about 1780 for Bargeret, farmer-general of the revenue in that day; the manuscript likewise.

In this case as in the other, there are gaps in the history, but the volume finally is found in possession of the late Feuillet de Conches, of somewhat unhappy memory, who bought it "in the good period" for next to nothing. Then it passed into the hands of other collectors successively, and finally into those of the great dealer whom M. Beraldi permits himself, on this occasion, to describe as Minotaur-Morgand. The Minotaur declined to part with it for less than 25,000 francs. M. Paillet is the inevitable buyer; he must buy it; to see it pass into another collection would be to reduce his own to the second rank. He cedes to M. Morgand other books to the amount of 22,000 francs—(on each and all of which that astute dealer may be trusted to have made an additional and separate profit) and 3,000 francs cash. Therefore M. Paillet seems ever, amid his passion for books, to have kept an eye on the main chance—he arranged with M. Rouquette for the engraving of the designs, one-third of the profit to himself, and his one-third amounted to 30,000 francs. M. Paillet and M. Beraldi seem to have been friends; or as good friends as two rivals could be. They both collected the same kind of books, and M. Beraldi admits that he "longed long" for some of the treasures on his friend's shelves; this most of all. One evening, as they were leaving the Passage des Panoramas, "Paillet told me point blankly in front of the Café Vernon, that he had sold his library to Morgand. The news, which I was a thousand leagues from imagining, came like a thunderbolt." But he recovered his self-possession as they walked on, and was able to ask Paillet for what prices he had sold the books in which he himself was most interested. Then M. Beraldi suddenly recollected an engagement, said good-night to M. Paillet, rushed back to M. Morgand's, and then and there came to terms with him for the books he most wanted; the Contes first of all.

"It was with quivering lips that I asked Morgand the price of the manuscript with Fragonard's designs. 'Monsieur,' answered he, 'you yourself have fixed the price. You said in your Paillet catalogue—"this book costs its owner 5,000 francs profit"—true, it is worth 50,000. The price is 50,000.' And I had to pay it."

The reader who noted the facts about the engraving of the Fragonard designs will see that M. Paillet did in fact get the volume for 5,000 francs less than nothing. And if he turns to the Bibliothèque d'un Bibliophile he will see that M. Morgand quoted M. Beraldi only too correctly, and that he did indeed say the book was worth 50,000 francs. But he need waste no sympathy on the buyer. A few days later M. Morgand offered him 20,000 francs for his bargain!—and in vain.

M. Beraldi's taste for what the French call actualities may be seen in the concluding paragraph of a note on the "Œuvres Di-